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10-14-2011

Elective Recital: Michelle Abramson, mezzo-soprano

Michelle Abramson

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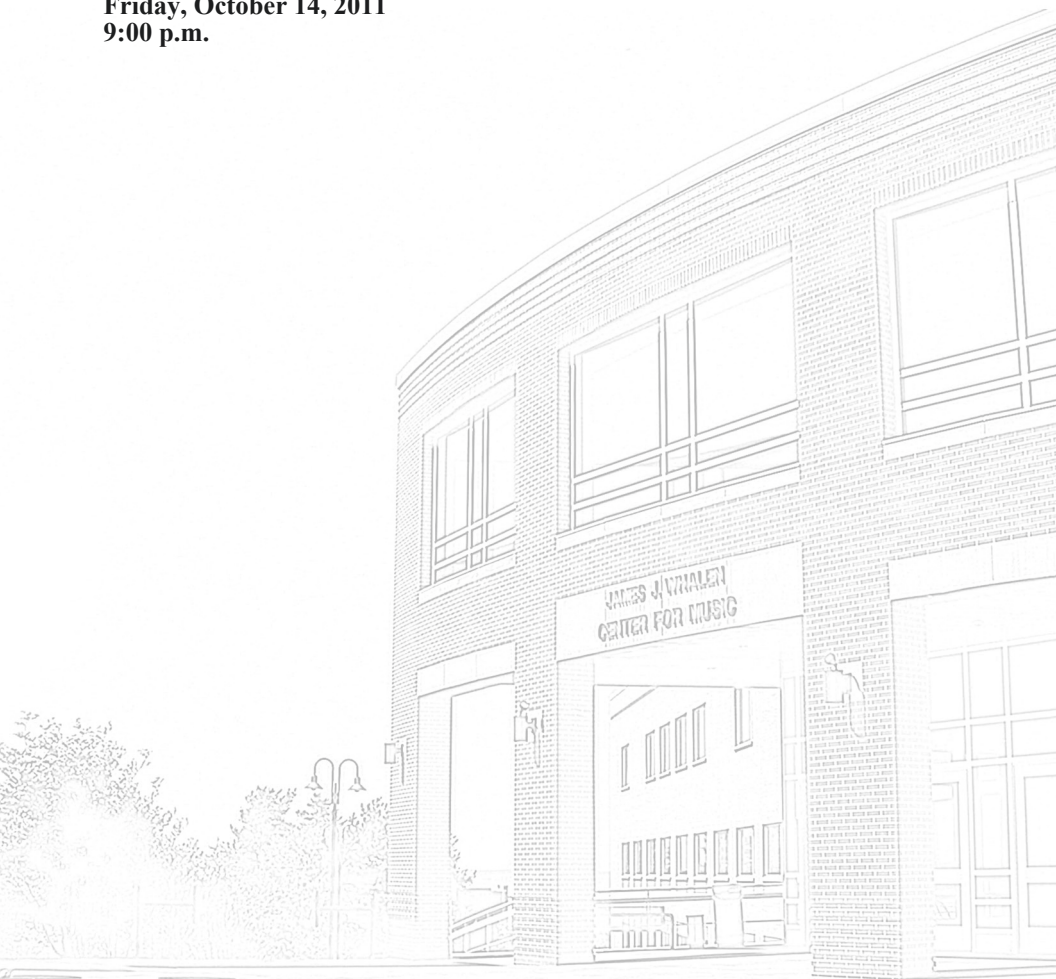
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**Elective Recital:
Michelle Abramson, mezzo-soprano**

**Christopher LaRosa, piano
Miriam Schildkret, mezzo-soprano**

**Nabenhauer Recital Room
Friday, October 14, 2011
9:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Erstes Begegnen
Ein Schwan
Stelldichein

Edvard Grieg
(1843-1907)

Le Chapelier

Erik Satie
(1866-1925)

The Little Crocodile

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Jabberwocky

Lee Hoiby
(1926-2011)

Pause

Spring Giddiness

Beauty We Love
Don't Go Back to Sleep
What A Bargain
Daylight, Dancing
It Fades

Christopher LaRosa
(b. 1990)

Duetto Buffo Di Due Gatti

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Miriam Schildkret, mezzo-soprano

George
At the Last Lousy Moments of Love
Toothbrush Time
Amor

William Bolcom
(b. 1938)

This Elective Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelors of Music in Combination with an Outside Field. Michelle Abramson is from the studio of Jennifer Kay.

Translations

Erstes Begegnen (First Meeting)

The Bliss of that first meeting
Is like a woodland singing,
Like song o'er waters ringing
When Day's last blush is fleeting.
'Tis like the horns that sunder
Melodious dissonances,
Wherein with deepest wonder
We feel how Nature entrances,
Wherein with deepest wonder
We feel how she entrances,
feel how Nature entrances.

Ein Schwan (The Swan)

My swan, my silent one,
With white plumage,
Your delightful songs,
No trill betrayed.

Fearfully mindful of
The elves in the dell,
You glided, listening,
Always in circles.

And yet you forced
Our final parting
With false promises.
Yes, there, there you sang!

Singing, you closed
Your earthly course.
You died, faded away.
You were a swan nevertheless!

**Stelldichein
(The Tryst)**

One Sunday she sits pensive on the hillside,
while sweet thoughts flow over her,
and her heart beats full and heavy in her breast,
and a shy dream awakens within her.
Suddenly, enchantment steals along the hilltop.
She blushes red; there he comes, the boy she loves.

She wants to hide in her confusion,
but timidly she raises her eyes to him;
their warm hands reach out for one another,
and they stand there, neither knowing what to say.
Then she bursts out in admiration:
"My, how tall you are!"

And as the day moves softly into evening,
they turn to each other full of longing,
their young arms wind around each other's necks,
and trembling mouth meets mouth.
Everything shimmers away, and in the warm evening
She falls blissfully asleep in his arms.

**Le Chapelier
(The Hatmaker)**

The hatmaker is surprised to note
That his watch is three days slow,
Though he has taken care to grease it,
Always with first-quality butter.
But he allowed crumbs of bread
To fall into its gears,
And though he plunged his watch in tea,
This will not advance it any further.